

Journal des étudiant-e-s en droit de l'université McGill

> McGill Law's Weekly Student Newspaper

Volume 33, n°14 7 février 2012 | February 7th 2012

FACTUM PARTNERS



Journal des étudiant-e-s en droit de l'université Mc Gill McGill Law's Weekly Student Newspaper

> Volume 33 nº14 7 février 2012 | February 7th 2012

QUID NOVI

Montréal, Québec H2A 1X1

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WANT TO TALK? TU VEUX T'EXPRIMER?

Envoyez vos commentaires ou articles avant basera sa décision sur la politique de jeudi 17h à l'adresse : quid.law@mcgill.ca

Toute contribution doit indiquer le nom de l'auteur, son année d'étude ainsi qu'un titre pour l'article. L'article ne sera publiée qu'à la discrétion du comité de rédaction, qui

Contributions should preferably be submitted as a .doc attachment (and not, for instance, a ".docx.").

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NCDH, ÉTAGE PAR ÉTAGE

Nous y vivons jour après jour — mais sommes-nous conscients des personnalités multiples de notre austère rûche de béton rectangulaire? Sept vignettes de notre quotidien.

Le sixième étage. Dans le film de Philippe le Guay Les femmes du sixième étage, Monsieur Joubert échappe à son quotidien étouffant de père de famille bourgeois en montant au sixième, où se trouvent les chambres des femmes de ménage espagnoles, pour partager leur joie de vivre et retrouver sa liberté.

Le sixième étage de NCDH est bien plus serein que celui de Mon-

sieur Joubert, et c'est pourquoi il représente un petit oasis de paix au sein de l'activité bourdonnante de la rûche. De la fenêtre du côté est, on surplombe Old Chancellor Day Hall, lower campus, et l'est de la ville. Par une belle journée ensoleillée, on y aperçoit le métal vert du Pont Jacques-Cartier. L'effervescence de la ville est à nos pieds, celle de la faculté est sous nos pieds, mais le sixième étage s'en détache, nonchalant.

Le cinquième étage. Le petit frère du sixième. Il est propre, clinique, poliment joyeux avec ses couleurs vives. Les toilettes, toujours impeccables — on se demande si on est le seul à y aller tant elles sont propres, ou alors si elles sont si technologiquement perfectionnées qu'elle se nettoient toutes seules.

Le cinquième étage frappe par son caractère transitoire. Au centre, un large escalier en verre digne d'un Apple Store nous invite à monter plus haut, toujours plus haut. Si le sixième était le paradis et le quatrième, l'enfer, le cinquième ferait office de purgatoire. On n'y reste jamais trop longtemps, de peur de tomber dans l'oubli.

Le quatrième étage. De tous les étages du bâtiment, les émotions les plus fortes émanent de celui-ci. Il peut être un endroit de grand réconfort — le bureau de Assistant Dean Topsakal — de possibilités infinies — le CDO — ou encore de stress paralysant — la petite salle où se déroulent les entrevues d'admission pour les étudiants du Cégep.

Le quatrième étage est à la fois une origine et une destination. Une origine puisque c'est de là qu'émanent les décisions d'admettre ou de rejeter les mille et demi ambitieux qui tentent leur chance chaque année. Une destination puisque tant de travaux composés, peaufinés, révisés y atterrissent pour leur dernier voyage.

Le troisième étage. Une véritable petite usine à idées. Chaque semaine, chaque mois, chaque année, elle produit des Quid Novi, des Revue de droit de McGill, des Journal of Sustainable Development Law and Policy, des McGill Journal of Law and Health...

Le troisième étage est, pour nous autres ouvriers, notre bureau, notre placard, notre cuisine. Pour la plupart d'entre vous, c'est l'étage avec le local où il manque de prises électriques.

Le deuxième étage. Son nom le dit, c'est un citoyen de seconde classe. Il ressemble comme deux gouttes d'eau au rez-de-chaussée, mais ses locaux sont plus petits, ses plafonds plus bas, ses pièces plus chaudes.

Le deuxième étage, abreuvant notre soif de savoir sans abreuvoir.

RC

Le rez-de-chaussée. Tel un hall d'aéroport, parfois on le traverse d'un pas vif, en route vers l'atrium ou la bibliothèque, ou à la recherche d'une dose de caféine du Second Cup; parfois on s'y attarde, attendant l'heure de l'embarquement — le début d'un cours qui nous transportera vers des horizons nouveaux ou dans les limbes du sommeil. Le rez-de-chaussée attire aussi les visiteurs, les invités dans son Moot Court. Ils pénètrent, quelques heures, dans ce Colisée, partisans surexcités des spectacles juridiques qui se déroulent dans l'arène à leurs pieds.

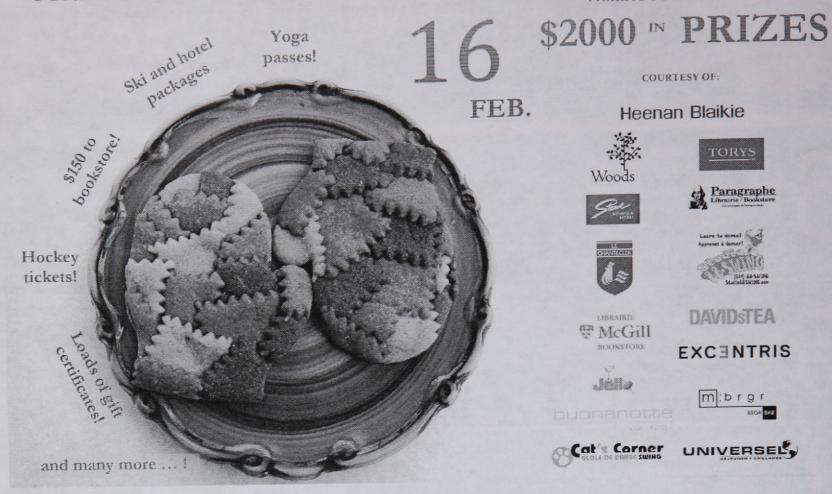
SS

Le sous-sol. « Parfois j'aime le sous-sol parce que c'est où je vais pour voir un visage amical », me dit une étudiante. Il réconforte, avec ses micro-ondes qui réchauffent nos repas, ses tables de foosball qui nous opposent pour nous rassembler, ses canapés usés.

Le soul-sol. « Parfois il m'étouffe », rajoute-t-elle. Les micro-ondes sont malodores, il devient bruyant, les fluorescents oppressants — on ne cherche qu'à s'en échapper pour aller sentir les arômes de la cafétéria et, au-delà, l'air pur du monde extérieur.

LA CABANE À SUCRE OF THE MCGILL LAW JOURNAL FUNDRAISER FOR THE MILE END LEGAL CLINIC

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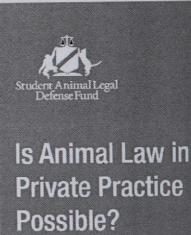








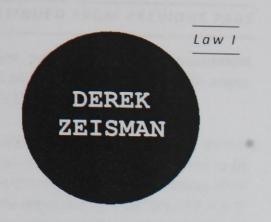
Reboka is the founder and Chair of the first Animal Law section of the Canadian Bar Association, which she formed in 2008. She is also on the Board of Directors of the Vancouver Humane Society.





Monday, February 13th 2012 5:30-7:00 pm McGill Faculty of Law, Room 316 3644 Peel Street, Montreal Attendance is free. www.saldf.ca





DATUM ERRATUM

STEPHEN HARPER, THE GET OFF MY LAWN PRIME MINISTER

I think it's safe to say this: There are many things that many people don't like about Canada's Conservative government.

Of course, the Harper administration also has its fans. Many of them, in fact. Some of whom are fanatical in their devotion to the man who rescued Canada's right-wing from the seemingly perennial political wilderness.

I will admit to not being a fan of Stephen Harper or the Conservatives. But unlike most Tory sceptics, I am relatively untroubled by the policies of the man and his party.

Granted, many of this government's policies seem short-sighted and wrongheaded, sometimes in the extreme. The massive deficits. The unsustainable tax cuts. The hard-line law and order agenda amidst plunging crime rates. The environmental recklessness. The Wonderbreadbland cultural policies. The marginalization of Quebec. The growing militarism. The divisive foreign policy. The complete neutering of the House of Commons, whose lame-duck MPs now make the "trained seals" of the Trudeau era seem omnipotent by comparison.

All these policies, and many more, strike me as so much more than wrongheaded; they seem plain un-Canadian.

And yet it is not the Tory platform itself that I find so distasteful. Hell, I can live with the foolish programs being imposed on the country by Harper & Co. For as we all know, governments come, and governments go... eventually. This is just the

great "circle of life," the ever-swinging political pendulum at work.

The Harper government is not the first to impose stupid, costly, or even dangerous plans upon the citizenry, and I doubt it will be the last. In the end we shall persevere, and future administrations will endeavour to right whatever wrongs Mr. Harper and his cabinet dream up for us in the months and years ahead.

No, what really drives me to despair isn't this government's program. Rather, it is the anger, the ire, the outright vitriol that oozes forth from the Conservative benches on a daily basis. Whether in victory or defeat, the ooze of Tory anger never seems to slow. Like a cancer, it steadily creeps forth, seeping into Canada's body politic, tarnishing it, blackening it.

For this is truly a government of angry old white men, a government quite unlike anything we have seen in modern Canadian history. And it is this fact that really unnerves me, when I stop and think about where we are going as a country; where we are headed as a people.

I have no empirical evidence at my fingertips to definitively prove that the Harper government is the angriest, the harshest, the cruellest in public memory. But as an amateur student of history, I have recently found myself scanning the horizon of Canada's political past.

To find a comparable horde of angry old

white men ensconced in power, one would have to gaze far back to John Diefenbaker's last short-lived minority government of 1962-63. It was a brief but nasty bit of business, like a vicious 24-hour flu. Torn asunder by unbridgeable policy chasms, it was a government full of sound and fury, yet signifying nothing.

By 1962, any vestiges of Diefenbaker the Visionary, Diefenbaker the Happy Warrior of the old Progressive Conservative Party, were long gone. Beset by external opponents and internal party strife, Dief was like a man under siege: a wounded political animal harassed by his own collective demons and defeats.

But even then, in those final dark days of Tory misrule half a century ago, there were still bright lights amidst the anger permeating the Diefenbaker cabinet; minor beacons of hope for a brighter Canadian future. Ministers like Alvin Hamilton, George Hees and Davie Fulton continued to convey a message of optimism and innovation to the Canadian people; hope for a brighter tomorrow, infused with confidence in the possibilities of the present.

But as they say, that was then, this is now.

Where now is the hope to be found in today's Conservative government? I strive to detect it on a daily basis. But the light does not come. In its place I see only angry darkness; a government that sees democratic debate as disdainful, parliamentary protocol as pedantic.

CONTINUES ON PAGE 7



LES GRANDS AVOCATS DU MONDE SONT AVANT TOUT DE GRANDS CITOYENS DU MONDE.

À notre cabinet, vous travaillerez avec des avocats ayant conclu des transactions de plusieurs milliards de dollars, d'autres ayant représenté des premiers ministres et d'autres encore ayant plaidé devant la Cour suprême des causes qui ont fait jurisprudence. Qu'ils courent des marathons, vivent de grandes aventures ou se dévouent pour des causes humanitaires, vous verrez que les membres de notre équipe comptent plusieurs êtres d'exception. Chaque année, dans le cadre de nos programmes d'emplois d'été et de stages, nous cherchons à identifier des étudiants qui, tout comme nous, conjuguent leur coup de cœur pour le droit à un profond désir de se surpasser.

Nous ne sommes pas seulement à la recherche d'avocats exceptionnels, mais surtout d'êtres d'exception.

Pour consulter les fiches biographiques de nos avocats et voir si BLG répond à vos aspirations, visitez le site blg.com/etudiants.

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And yet, perhaps the Harper government is not so much the cause of all this anger, as it is the mere product of it.

Canadians today are a frustrated, grumbly lot. Being a Canadian once seemed to be about dreaming big dreams. Today, most people seem deeply disinterested in embarking upon grand national projects. Instead, they just. Want. To be left. Alone.

For my part, I have witnessed a striking shift in the mood of the Canadian people over the last decade. I believe that shift was triggered by September 11, 2001, the day the ground trembled like an earthquake beneath our society's proverbial feet.

On that day, in the newly-arrived era of the global Internet and instantaneous mass communication, the world experienced what I suspect was its first-ever "collective trauma."

The trauma was severe, and dramatic, and incredibly painful. It affected – indeed, infected – young and old, rich and poor, men and women, English and French, Canadian-born and immigrant in equally powerful fashion.

As we all know, the trauma was also immediate. But even years afterward, when the wounds of 9/11 finally seemed to have been sufficiently papered over, the terrible, collective emotional scars remain. And they remain within us all, each and every one of us, in ways that we as individuals are utterly incapable of comprehending.

The young 20-somethings I see around me today are not the same confident, extroverted, dream-dreaming 20-somethings I remember from those care-free Clintonian years of the 1990s, when it seemed the biggest care anyone had was what Bill and Monica were doing with that cigar in the Oval Office.

I was of that earlier generation. And though we were far from untroubled, and though each generation is inevitably different from all those that precede it, I cannot help but feel a profound sense of tenseness, of instability, of trepidation, of quiet nervousness in today's 20-ish young people.

It is not isolated to our youth, either. The once eternally young, now middle-aged Yuppies of the 1980s and 1990s were bound to become more conservative in their outlook as they continued that long, halting march toward their senior years, like unwilling lemmings edging ever closer to the proverbial cliff.

But 9/11 took a heavy toll upon that generation, too. As the new millennium dawned, it made our leaders, and leaders-in-waiting, an edgy, angry, suspicious, ultra-reactive bunch.

Amidst the cultural and psychological wreckage of 9/11, the wishy-washy, middle-of-the-road Liberal Party never had a fighting chance.

In its place, we have collectively witnessed the rise of Stephen Harper and his Legion of Angry Old White Men. Yes, there are young people strewn about the Brave New World of the Harper government, together with a smattering of women and people of miscellaneous ethnic origins. This is not surprising, for to varying degrees, we have all been rendered angry and fearful in the wake of 9/11 and its awful carnage.

But make no mistake: the Angry Old White Men are running our country now. And sadly, we are no longer such a happy, dreamy country.

Our national dreams, if they still exist, have shrivelled, turned within, gone into hibernation as they wait out the long and gloomy Winter of Our Discontent.

Through this prism, it becomes possible to grasp how the Giants of Past Generations have come to atrophy with such startling speed before our very eyes: the decline of

Quebec nationalism; the fragmentation of popular culture; the fade-to-black of Canada the Good, Canada the Honest Broker in international affairs. Even the crumbling of the once-mighty Liberal Machine can be viewed through this prism.

It becomes clear that our current government is not the cause of evil, of wrongdoing, of inequity in today's Canada. It is not the instigator of our collective anger, but simply the end result of it.

Our Tory overlords are the peculiar creation of the bruised and battered generation of traumatized Canadians who, fearful for their own survival, desperate to return to a safer, more secure age, threw up Stephen Harper into office as Our Great Protector.

He is not so much our leader as he is our own flawed conception of ourselves. He is the lingering end-product of our own collective post-9/11 fears and anxieties, writ large across an ever-shrinking national stage.

Stephen Harper does not dream big dreams. But then, neither do we anymore, it seems. In that sense, he is less our oppressor than our reflection, our own frowning selves peering back at us from our bathroom mirror in the morning, as we brush our teeth and prepare to slog through yet another grinding, colourless day.

Stephen Harper does not want you to dream big dreams, nor does he want to dream them himself. He just wants you to get off his lawn; to leave him alone to complete the thankless task of running the frightened and unwieldy conglomerate that is today's Canada.

Derek Zeisman was perhaps the worst Conservative Party candidate in Canadian history. In the 2006 general election, he ran, stumbled, crashed and burned in the riding of British Columbia Southern Interior, placing third with 19.3% of the popular vote.



PRO BONO STUDENTS CANADA AT McGILL IS HIRING A NEW COORDINATOR!

QU'EST-CE QUE LE PBSC?

Le Réseau national d'étudiants pro bono (le « PBSC ») est un organisme national d'étudiants primé ayant des sections dans toutes les facultés de droit du pays. Notre mandat est d'offrir une première expérience d'apprentissage pratique aux étudiants en droit et des services juridiques bénévoles de qualité à nos partenaires dans la collectivité, tout en sensibilisant la prochaine génération d'étudiants en droit à la valeur des services pro bono.

ONE PBSC PROGRAM COORDINATOR POSITION AVAILABLE

PBSC hires student leaders from each law school to serve as Program Coordinators, who are responsible for implementing and managing PBSC programs.

The PBSC McGill Program Coordinator (1 position): The PBSC McGill Coordinator works 20 hours per week in summer, and part-time (10 hours/week) from September until the end of March, paid at the Faculty rate. The Program Coordinator's role includes designing and developing legal projects and recruiting a vast array of public interest organizations; recruiting lawyer supervisors, and student volunteers to be placed in projects; training student volunteers; overseeing PBSC placements; and holding PBSC events.

All returning law students at the Faculty are encouraged to apply.

QUELS SONT LES AVANTAGES DE TRAVAILLER POUR LE PBSC?

Travailler auprès du PBSC représente l'occasion parfaite de développer des habiletés en matière de leadership, de négociation et de gestion, de tisser des liens avec les avocats et les défenseurs de l'intérêt public, ainsi qu'avec les doyens, et les étudiants des quatre coins du pays, et d'utiliser votre entregent et vos habiletés d'organisation pour créer dans plusieurs domaines du droit des stages qui seront utiles et auront des répercussions intéressantes pour vos collègues étudiants en droit. Les coordonnateurs du PBSC ont une occasion en or de développer de réelles aptitudes de gestion de programme au sein d'un organisme national qui favorise l'accès à la justice.

HOW DO I APPLY?

The deadline to apply is <u>Tuesday February 14th, at 5:00pm</u>. Please send a cover letter, resume, list of three references (with contact information), and schedule of availability on March 2nd for interviews.

For more information, please contact the PBSC McGill Program Coordinator, Amanda Gibeault, at probono.law@mail.mcgill.ca.



QUID NOVI ANNOUNCEMENT

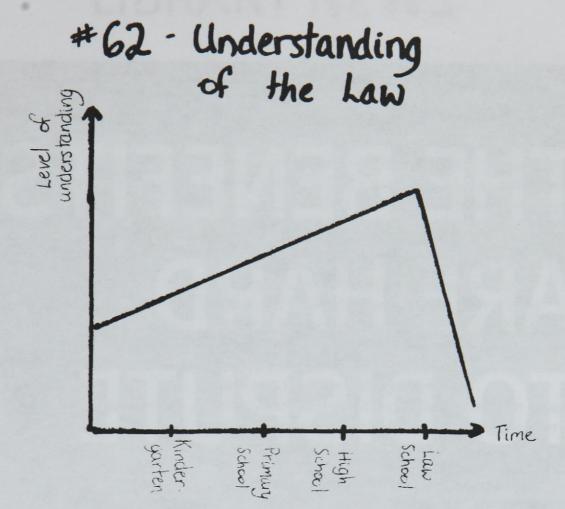
Le prochain numéro est le dernier avant la semaine de relâche!

Make your voice heard: send submissions to quid.law@mcgill.ca, by Thursday, February 9th, at 5pm.

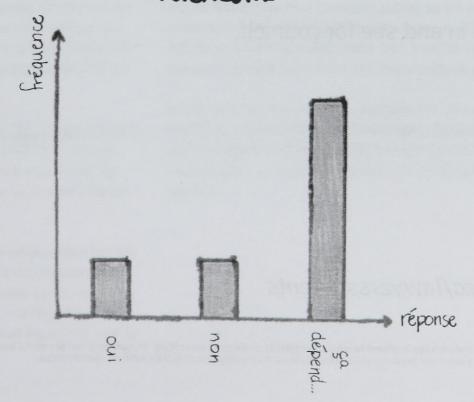
The Quid will be back on Tuesday, March 6th (deadline: Thursday March 1st).

NICHOLAS CHOINIÈRE

SECRET SAO STATISTICS



#76 - Réponses des profs aux questions des étudiants



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¹This financial package is offered to full-time university students in accounting, accountancy, law or notarial law and to students at HEC Montréal who are Canadian citizens or permanent residents of Canada. Students must provide proof of their full-time student status.



LIBRARY NEWS

iPads are coming at McGill

Since Monday, February the 6th, McGill Library begins to lend Apple iPad 2 tablets from the following branches:

- Nahum Gelber Law Library
- Life Sciences Library
- Macdonald Campus Library

The iPads are loaned with a selection of free preloaded apps. If you borrow an iPad do not forget to fill in a small questionnaire provided with it. This is a pilot project, so your feedback will be highly appreciated. For more information go to:

http://www.mcgill.ca/library/library-using/computers/tablets

Books that I liked this week

• <u>Lawtalk</u>: The Unknown Stories Behind Familiar Legal <u>Expressions/ James E. Clapp, Elizabeth G. Thornburg,</u> <u>Marc Galanter, and Fred R. Shapiro.</u>

"Lawtalk", published by Yale university press, is a lively and entertaining, but at the same time instructive book that explains the origin of some 80 widely used legal expressions – ranging from "abuse excuse" to "white shoe", which stories may be of interest for readers who are fascinated by the relationship between law, language, history, and culture. Each article tells us about the most interesting aspects of an expression and its evolution.

• <u>De l'esprit à la lettre: Genèse de l'hypertrophie judiciaire/ Miguel Ayuso.</u> L'auteur Miguel Ayuso Torres, ancien membre de la Cour suprême espagnole est professeur de droit constitutionnel à l'Université de Comillas (Madrid).

Dans cet ouvrage l'auteur explore un phénomène de rupture entre la loi moderne et la conception classique de la loi. « Légitimité et légalité se disjoignent, faisant apparaître la possibilité d'une légalité non légitime mais également celle d'une légitimité non légale. »

HathiTrust

As of recently, McGill Library became a part of the HathiTrust, a large-scale collaborative repository of digital content. This project is a partnership of major research institutions and libraries (more than 60 members) working to ensure that the cultural record is preserved and accessible long into the future. At present, HathiTrust digital collection consists of 5,311,141 book titles, and 263,942 journal titles: 10,009,237 total volumes, of which 2,730,236 volumes (~27% of total) are in the public domain.

To access the HathiTrust content go to http://www.hathitrust.org/ McGill users can access any content published <u>before 1923</u> and some later titles if rights holders have opened the access to them. If a document is in limited view, you need to use the "login" button in the upper right corner of the screen and authenticate. After you logged in you can see whether you can view the document or whether the copyright holders prohibit the full access.

Public Documents Masterfile

McGill Library currently has a trial of Public Documents Masterfile that provides access to US government documents from 1774 to the present. The database which includes more than 5 million records can be accessed here: http://pubdocs.odyssi.com/

In this column, we would be delighted to answer all your library-services-related questions. Please send your questions to Svetlana Kochkina svetlana.kochkina@mcgill.ca, Liaison Librarian Nahum Gelber Law Library.

HÉLIA TAHERI

CARNAVAL

ı

CAUCHEMAR

Tu courais, je voulais t'attraper,
Je courais, tu voulais t'arrêter,
Je ne savais pas et tu ne me connaissais pas.
Jongler avec la lumière de pastel, la musique fondue au caramel,
Bricoler sur nos cœurs un bout du ciel avant qu'il ne meure.
Enfermée dans mon obsession si pudique,
Avalée par mes cauchemars romantiques,
Cherchant à incendier ce purgatoire, moi,
Un désir qui se déchirait la peau en refrain.
Message reçu, ses flammes t'ont atteint.
Il y a déjà longtemps, tu voulais brûler ton sang.



L'ÉBAUCHE

Sur le cheval du carrousel, ton sourire m'a poignardée.
Dans le labyrinthe de tes yeux, j'ai oublié comment nager.
Plongée dans ton regard, il était trop
Profond, je me suis noyée et au fond de l'océan,
Je respirais, tout en fondant,
Le parfum de tes cils en cadence.
Mes doigts amollis
Tentaient de s'agripper, dans leur folie,
À un morceau de toi flottant.



DOUCEMENT

Tout doucement, tu m'as pris la main, Remontée à la surface, Tu m'as bercée jusqu'à la fin. Tout doucement, je t'ai goutté, Souffle coupé. Trop énormes pour moi, Étaient tes bouchées. Tout doucement, tu m'as survolée, Tout doucement, tu t'es logé, tu m'as chavirée. Qui aurait cru que tu fusses ainsi récolté.

IV.

À L'HORIZON

Les Temps tournaient le carrousel,
Ton cheval a galopé, je n'ai pas pu
L'attraper, l'arrêter. Le carrousel brisé.
Maintenant, ton ombre est presque visible,
Au loin, à l'horizon, deux marionnettes
Sur l'animal, une vieille cible,
Et moi, je regarde, accotée sur le carrousel brisé,
Le cheval s'éloigner.



politiques de la santé

Contribuez au réseau de la santé de demain

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Séance d'information

23 février à 19 h Campus de Sherbrooke Faculté de droit, local A9-162 Réservation et information : Michael.Gagnon@USherbrooke.ca

USherbrooke.ca/droit/dps



OVERHEARD AT THE FAC

Editor's Note: either Valentine's Day fever is ramping up or the factum madness is affecting our psyche, but something is up at the faculty this week... Judge for yourself:

2L: I don't understand this stuff about SNAILs. I like them, I don't mind hot girls coming to study biology, 'cause I wanna study their biology.

1L: When I'm a lawyer I'm gonna buy high end sex toys.

1L: Me too. Ones not shaped like animals.

2L: Can we have a kissing booth? Though, eww, not in this faculty!

3L: You know what there's not enough of?

Necrophilia references in the Quid. Someone should get on that. *pauses* No, not 'on that' but, yeah, you know what I mean.

2L: If law school were a porno, 1L would be the scene with the insertion of increasingly large and foreign objects, 2L would be the gangbang, and 3L would be the post-coital cuddling.

1L, in response to news that Montreal restaurants with wood-burning stoves are being fined: Sounds like troubles de boisinage!

2L: The mix of intolerant and arrogant tribalism and puerility in this faculty is astounding.

Prof. Piper (re patents): You probably don't have a big market of people looking for "minor digestive disruptions".

Prof. Gold: I rely on you to get an A in your exam. Unfortunately, it is an unreasonable reliance. Can I sue you?

Prof. Piper (re *Popov v Hayashi*): There was a move to put a star on Barry Bonds' balls... Ball! I meant ball! (*This one gets the award for the most-sub-mitted quote this week! -Ed.*)

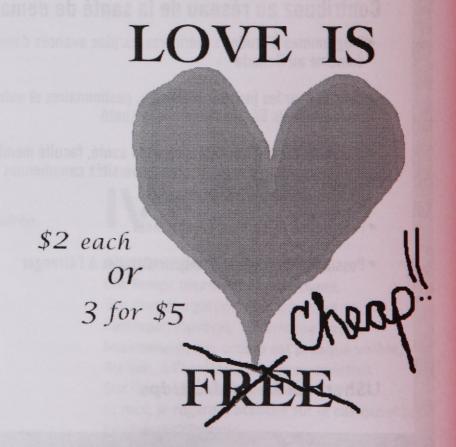
SEND OVERHEARDS! quid.overheard@gmail.com



SPREAD SOME LOVE AND HELP SUPPORT THE EQUALITY EFFECT!

The McGill Law Women's Caucus invites you to wear your heart on your sleeve. Send one candy gram for \$2, or three for \$5 to your "special friend"/ Gelber study-buddy/ Coffee-house crush. Stop by the atrium between Feb. 7-10 and send some love the old-fashioned, hand-written way! Candy grams will be delivered on Tuesday, February 14th.

All proceeds will go to **The Equality Effect**, a charitable organization working to create change that will improve the lives of women and girls and reduce the discrimination that currently restricts their freedom and prosperity. The more love you share, the better!





This is what you have to do: send us your valentines at quid.law@mcgill.ca, subject line "Valentines". Grazie mille! DEADLINE: Thursday, February 9th at 5pm!

dents that send short Valentine's messages to

one another.

Vous pouvez annoncer votre amour à un collègue de classe ou simplement dire salut à un ami important dans votre vie. Vous pouvez demander votre copain(e) de longue date en mariage, ou alors faire savoir à votre *crush* de façon anonyme - qu'elle ou il a un admirateur secret. Les possiblités sont infinies!

Send as many as you like. Love knows no bounds!



Vous voulez sans doute participer maintenant. Voici plus de détails techniques pour vous mettre sur la bonne piste:

For the sender and intended recipient(s), indicate **student year** and **initials**.

Example: From MAP (2L) to TGVL (2L): Mandy is randy for your layout skills, baby!

If you are unsure of the year, you may use question marks. To remain anonymous (on either or both sides), simply use question marks.

Example:

From CF (3L) to ?? (2L): You are the Nahum to my Gelber.

For LLM students write LLM, and for exchange students, simply use EXC. If you aren't sure, use question marks. For professors, use their names - but stay appropriate!

Example:

From ?? to JG (EXC): Scotland is not that amazing, but thanks for playing. Love you like you love haggis!

Keep it classy, or at least try to... It's a fine line, so use your judgment and please don't make the Quid Editorial Team agonize over it. See first example above: that one is right on the line...

